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fight of the wax-work, if I were to leave this poor creature in such hands. Do you go without me: I shall have more pleasure in saving the cock from farther pain, than in seeing the finest wax-work in the world. I can't see *this*, because the man leaves Reading to-morrow, but I am very easy about it: they then left him, and pursued their journey, whilst he, following the dictates of tender compassion, told one of the boys to take up the cock, and carry it under his arm. The rest walked after him till they came

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to the farmer's, whom master Richards asked if he had not lost a cock, and on hearing that he had, informed him, he had brought it, and the boys who had stolen it, but begged the farmer would forgive them. They fell on their knees, and asked pardon, promising never to commit such a fault again. Mr. Wilton said, he forgave them, because master Richards desired it,

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